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From the Kentuckey Intelligencer.

A BROKEN PLEDGE.

A Tale of Truth.

(Concluded.)

Previous to relinquishing a seafaring life he had formed an attachment for Julia M——, the eldest daughter of a distinguished member of Congress, residing at F——, Henry's birth place. The attachment, which had commenced at an early age, was mutual, and had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength. It was with the utmost pain, therefore, that Julia observed in his more recent visits Henry's face was flushed, his steps unsteady, and his manner constrained. She was convinced of his intemperance, but vainly hoped that others had not discovered it. Soon, however, the evidences of his intemperate habits became too palpable to be mistaken. He was seen on the public streets in a state of intoxication; and, finally after reeling about for some time, fell into the gutter, where he lay helplessly drunk. Soon after, while inebriated, he called at the house of Hon. Judge M——, the father of Julia. The circumstances so much incensed Judge M——, that he forbade his daughter to receive any further attentions from Henry. Heart-broken at the stern command (for she loved as only woman can love, with an affection which no earthly power could destroy or diminish) yet not daring to disobey her father's mandate, Julia determined to attempt the reformation of her lover, hoping that his irregularities having been abandoned, father might consent to the renewal of his visits.

It was the era of the Washingtonian reform, and the hearts of the philanthropic beat high with hope, as they saw the degraded and besotted drunkard throwing off his fetters, and breaking his allegiance to the destroyer, and with his own hand signing that second declaration of Independence, the *Washingtonian Pledge*. It seemed that the Millennium was about to dawn on our benighted and sin ruined world, and the songs of the redeemed take the place of the Bacchanalian shout, and the notes of thanksgiving from hearts before bowed down with sorrow, be substituted for the voice of revelry. No change seemed too great, no reformation too wonderful; and there were not wanting those who prophesied that ere long Alcohol would be banished from our shores, and we be freed from the curse, the wretchedness and the misery of intemperance. But experience has proved that these were too sanguine; and that the car of reform, though destined to eventual triumph, must move slowly yet surely.

But to return. Julia availed time and again to bring her lover under the influence of the Washingtonian, but in vain. He would not listen to their arguments, nor be prevailed upon by their entreaties. "He could govern himself," he said, "he knew when he had taken enough; he did not drink for the love of the liquor, but merely for the sake of being social."

Undismayed by defeat in this attempt, Julia resolved to change her mode of attack; and accordingly, having drawn up a pledge of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, differing somewhat in its form that used by the Washingtonians, she solicited the aid of her younger sister, in attempting to persuade him to sign it. Ellen M., one of the most beautiful and gifted girls I ever knew, possessed that rare combination of energy, decision and prudence, which admirably fitted her for this duty, and she entered upon it with zeal. Seeking him at those seasons when he was lost under the influence of alcohol, she portrayed, in language of the most artless eloquence, and touching pathos, the consequences of the course he was pursuing, the wretchedness he was bringing upon himself and his friends, and her sister's anxiety in his behalf. Anon she would change the subject, and paint, in vivid colours, the happiness of the reformed, the ease of reformation, and the bright hopes of the future which awaited him. Poor Henry at first refused to sign the pledge, but as she continued to urge upon him its claims, his stubborn heart relented, and brushing a tear-drop hastily from his eye, he affixed his signature to the instrument with a trembling hand.

Words cannot express the joy of Ellen M., at her success. She flew with eager haste to her sister, and exhibited the precious document, exclaiming—"'Tis done! 'tis done. Henry is free!"

Julia could hardly trust the evidence of her eyes, as to the fact of the signature; but having obtained from her sister even the minutest details of her successful efforts, she seemed at length to comprehend its truth, but the emotion was too much for her feeble frame; she fainted from excess of joy, and it was with difficulty that animation was restored.

For eight weeks Henry kept the pledge most solemnly. He remained at home, frequenting no longer the house of dissipation, but devoting his attention to the restoring and improving of his estate, which had suffered from his neglect.—But he was not thus to escape from the snare of the fowler. The fiend in human shape, from whom he had formerly purchased the poison, had missed him from his accustomed haunts, and indignant at losing so valuable a customer, had resolved to invigle him back to his old habits. For this purpose he repaired to his house one morning early, and proposed a fishing excursion. Henry consented, and the two sauntered along the banks of a beautiful stream, near the village where they angled for an hour or more with indifferent success, when the rumseller pulling from his pocket a flask of brandy, offered it to Henry, observing that he must be thirsty. Henry declined, however, despite his repeated solicitations, and his own desire for the liquor, and quenched his thirst from the brook.

Defeated but not disheartened, T——resolved to lay an other stratagem. Accordingly, he directed his daughter to issue invitations for a large party, and to invite Henry G. among the guests. He furnished some choice wines for the party, and instructed his daughter to persuade Henry to drink with her. Actuated by the same diabolical spirit with her father, she performed her part to perfection. She requested Henry to take a glass of wine with her, and when he respectfully declined, she urged it strongly, and rallied him so much on his want of gallantry, that he, who never could bear ridicule, at last drained his glass. *That glass was his ruin!* It roused his dormant thirst for alcohol, and ere he left the house that evening, he was intoxicated. The next morning early he was found at T——'s store, calling for a morning dram, and the heartless wretch smiled fiendishly at the success of his stratagem.

Numerous attempts were made to induce Henry again to abandon his cup, but in vain. He plunged deeper and deeper into dissipation, and at length, some two years after, during a carousal of more than ordinary duration, he was seized with *delirium tremens*, and in a paroxysm of the disease put an end to his own life.

* * * * * * * *

In one corner of the grave yard at F——, may be seen two graves; the one that of Henry G. the other Julia M——. When all hope of Henry's reformation had ceased, she began to droop and wither like the flower smitten by the breath of the tempest. Her disease had already made fearful progress, when Henry's death occurred, and in six short weeks after that event, she, by her own request, was laid by his side, the victim of consumption!

O ye, who by your magic smiles and frowns rule the world, be warned by this simple but true narrative, to weild your influence on the side of temperance, and not like the fabled siren, to lure, by your enchantments, the unweary to destruction!

RECREATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The following anecdotes have been collected together, from the belief that they are too wonderful to be lost. They illustrate principally the instinct of animals. There can be no doubt of their authenticity, for we assure our readers that they have appeared previously with a few exceptions, in the county newspapers.

The turtle is naturally of a sluggish temperament, but when roused it has been known to do dreadful things. Gunter, the great Swiss naturalist, tells an anecdote of one that is quite dramatic in its pathos. He had presented a very fine specimen of a turtle to the lord-mayor; who sent it to the London tavern to be taken care of. Tuesday before the 9th of November, this turtle was allowed to walk up and down the pavement in front of the tavern; but to prevent people running over it, a label was hung round its neck, on which was written, "WILL BE KILLED TO-MORROW." This seemed to pray heavily upon the turtle's mind, for it waddled to and fro, evidently in a very excited state, and a tear was seen distinctly to course down its left cheek, and bedewed the surrounding flagstones. The poor creature rolled about with increasing uneasiness every minute, till the lord-mayor's state carriage happening to pass, it slipped off the pavement, and fell deliberately under the fore-wheels of the cumbrous vehicle. It was picked up a shapeless mass of horseflesh, callipash, and mutilated callippee. "There is no doubt," says, Gunter, "but this was a premeditated act of suicide, for it was proved afterward that nothing but the immense weight of the lord-mayor's carriage could have crushed the shell. Grief at its impending fate evidently impelled the distracted turtle to the rash act."

Horses have been known to predict a frost by going to the blacksmith's the day before to be rough-shod. Franconi tells a story of a mare who would never perform on the stage unless she was on the side of the French. Her spirit of nationality was such, that if she was carrying an Englishman or an Austrian, she would invariably throw him and then run over to the side of the emperor. In this way she has often thrown Blucher and the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon hearing of this extraordinary trait of patriotism in a horse, went expressly to the *Cirque* and having witnessed the fact with his own imperial eyes, offered Franconi a whole regiment of cavalry in exchange for the mare; but the French Doctrow, to his credit let it be said, would not part with her. Napoleon was piqued, but afterward decorated the mare with the grand cross of the legion of honor.

Pigs have been taught to spell. A singular anecdote is told of one, that indubitably proves the force of early habit in animals generally, but in pigs especially. A learned sow of ours was called "Bacon," would always spell Vauxhall with a *W*. This was always a matter of wonderment, till it was ascertained that she had been born on a market day in Smithfield market. The inveterate misuse of the W at once confirmed her cockney orgin.

Le Vaillant, the African traveller, tells some wonderful stories about the instinct of the baboon. He travelled with one for a long time as a guide. Its name was *Snees*. He knew the shops where the best sherbet was to be got. Being short of butter once, Snees brought him a number of cocoa-nuts, which he had thrown about till the milk inside had become churned. He watched by his master's side every nigh, killing the musquitoes and flies which swarm about the banks of the Nile. He often helped Le Vaillant in unrolling the mummies, and packing up his trunks. Le Vaillant brought this baboon to *Europe*, and Snees showed his gratitude by saving his master's life. Thieves were plundering the house, when Snees ran to the alarm bell, and never ceased pulling it till the inmates were alarmed; the thieves were apprehended just in time, for Le Vaillant says, when he awoke there were two gentlemen at his bedside, the one with a pistol, the other with a carving knife. The day Le Vaillant died, this sagacious baboon broke a blacking bottle—whether accidentally or not, is not proven—which blacked him from head to foot; but many persons who knew Snees well, declare this was done purposely, from a desire of the faithful animal to show respect to the memory of his kind master, by going into mourning for him.

The instinct of bears is equally wonderful. There was one at the Zoological gardens, who would never mount the pole on a Sunday, because on that day no cakes are allowed to be sold.

A lady of title informed Buffon that she knew a blackbird who built at the top of a very morning, and would not go out of its nest in wet. An anecdote told by a gentleman, a raised of a beaver, is no less wonderful than true; he declares he saw a beaver weeping over the crown of an old hat. Soon another approached it, and she called more attention than the first; then a number of young beavers attracted by their sobs, came running up, and all cried too. He accounts for this by saying, that the hat being made of beaver, the animals had evidently recognised in it the skin of one of their own kindred. "Who can say," he asks, "whether this very hat was not to them the sad remains of an affectionate son—the only remembrance of a favorite brother?"

Captain Parry tells a story of a polar bear, which puts the instinct of this animal beyond all doubt; he had given it to one of his sailors, who with this small capital, acted showman, and having taught the bear to dance, used to take it about the streets. The sailor afterward assured Captain Parry that he never could get the bear to pass a barber's shop; he accounted for this by saying, that as "Bear's grease was sold only at those places, the animal was in a constant state of fear, lest it should be sold in six penny pots."

The social grosbeak, a bird which is found about the cape of Good Hope, displays great ingenuity in building its nest, which is constructed so strongly as possible, so as to keep out the March rains. A Genevese traveller records the fact of finding a whole row of their nests, covered over at the roof with bits of an old mackintosh, which they had evidently picked up from one of the frequent wrecks off the coast. What but instinct could have told these sensible grosbeaks that mackintoshes were waterproof?

Many singular anecdotes are told of the instinct of the fox. The most probable of those we have read, is the one of the fox plundering a hen every morning of its eggs, and leaving a piece of chalk, of the same size as an egg, for every one he stole.

The following is amusing, for it proves that the parrot is not so stupid as he is generally represented. Jack Sheppard, when he had just escaped from Newgate, heard called out in a shrill voice, "Does your mother know you're out?" Jack was frightened at first, but recovered his usual courage, when he found it was only a parrot that was hanging over a greengrocer's door.

The instinct of the dog, and the cat, and the rat is so well-known, that one anecdote we think, will suffice to illustrate the three. A terrier and a tom cat were pursuing a large rat down the street. The rat was almost caught, when it dodged suddenly and ran into a sausage shop. The cat and dog stopped conversively at the door, and looking up at the yards of sausages, hung down their heads and slunk away quite terrified. This anecdote indubitably shows that self-preservation is the first law of nature, besides proving that the feeling of veneration for the dead is much stronger in animals than in men.

The following anecdote is so astonishing that we cannot help repeating it. We should really doubt the truth of it, unless it was supported by the testimony of the celebrated Walker. *Mr. Tiedmann*, the famous Saxon dentist, had a valuable tortoise-shell cat that for days had done nothing but *moan*. Guessing the cause, he looked into its mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, soon relieved it of its pain. The following morning there were at least ten cats outside his door—the day after that twenty; and they went on increasing at such a rate, that he was obliged to keep a hound dog to drive them away. But nothing would help him. A cat who had the tooth-ache, would come any number of miles to submit his jaw to him. It would come down

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B. Liberia Herald

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